

February 1, 2025

A Fickle Love

In a quaint town by the sea,

Lived a lad named Timothy.

With eyes of blue and heart so pure,

He met a girl, her name was Fleur.

They danced beneath the moonlit sky,

With whispered vows and dreams so high.

But love, it seems, can often sway,

Like tides that change from day to day.

Fleur's heart was wild, like autumn leaves,

Blown by winds, it often grieves.

One day with Tim, the next apart,

Her love was fickle, a wandering heart.

Timothy, with hope so bright,

Held on tight with all his might.

But Fleur's affections, like the breeze,

Would come and go with such ease.

One summer's eve, she left his side,

Chasing dreams, with eyes so wide.

Tim stood alone, beneath the stars,

With a broken heart and countless scars.

Years went by, and Fleur returned,
With tales of love and lessons learned.
But Tim had found a steady flame,
A love that wasn't just a game.

Fleur wept for what she lost,
A love that came at such a cost.
For fickle hearts may roam and stray,
But true love finds a home to stay.
Love can be unpredictable and fleeting, but true
love endures through the trials and changes of life.